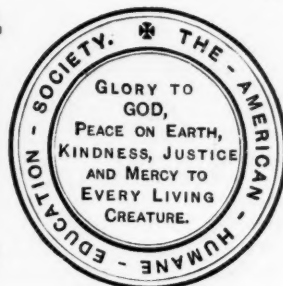


Our Dumb Animals.

"The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals," "The American Humane Education Society," and "The American Bands of Mercy."

"WE SPEAK FOR
THOSE THAT



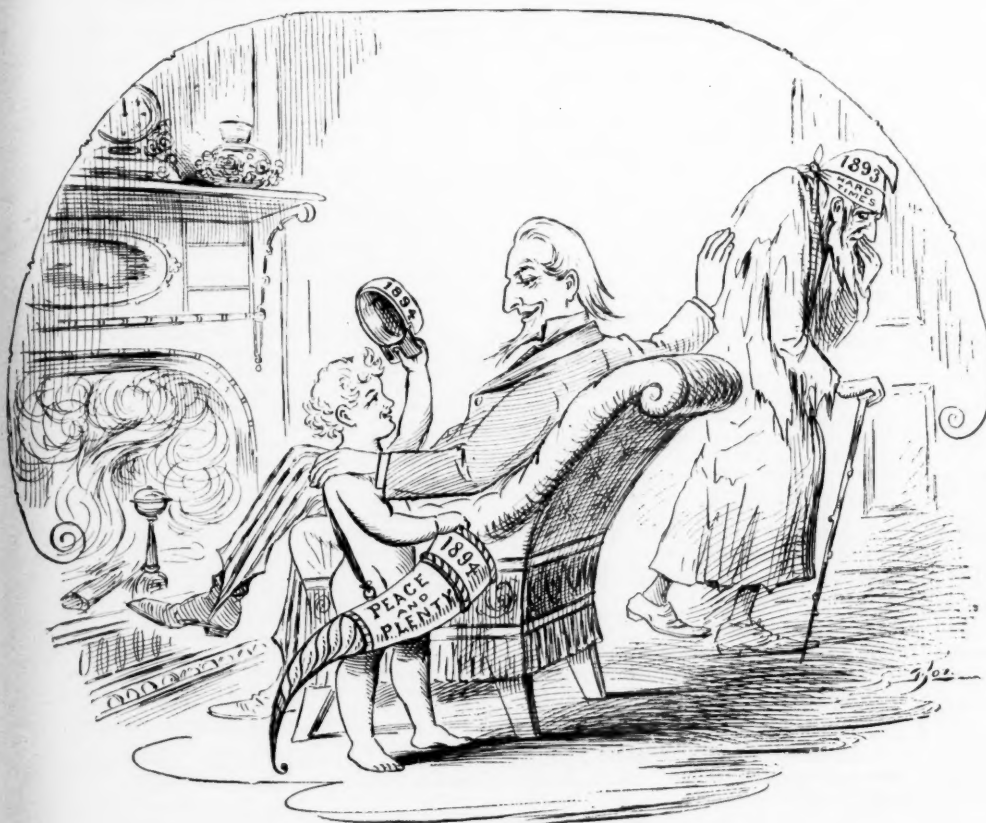
CANNOT SPEAK
FOR THEMSELVES."

I would not enter on my list of friends,
Though graced with polished manners and fine sense,
Yet wanting sensibility, the man
Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm.—COWPER.

Vol. 26.

Boston, February, 1894.

No. 9.



GOOD RIDDANCE TO BAD RUBBAGE.

It is rather late in the season to present our readers the above picture from "The Boston Globe" of Dec. 31st. But we rather like it; so in it goes with the hope that the horn of plenty which the new year brings may prove no delusion.

THE INFLUENCE OF THIS PAPER.

While we have been receiving numerous editorial notices and republications of our articles in relation to *dissections in public schools—providing work for the poor—sulphur as a remedy for the grippe, etc., etc., nothing, judging from our marked exchanges, seems to have attracted wider attention than our editorials on the foot-ball craze.*

We have on our table on this one morning nineteen republications of our articles, or editorials founded upon them, in papers as remote from each other as *Florida, Louisiana, Arkansas, Iowa, Michigan, Illinois, Kansas, and South Dakota.* It is quite probable that these nineteen are not a tenth, and perhaps not a hundredth, part of our exchanges which have published similar articles.

Our aim is to have something in every number of our paper which, read by American editors, will cause them to carefully examine the next number, and the next, and the next.

Our aim is to have our paper *not simply go to, but be read by,* the editors of every newspaper and magazine in America north of Mexico.

[For Our Dumb Animals.]

MEMORY AND AFFECTION OF A HORSE.

Mr. L. H. Richardson, of Westfield, Mass., tells the following pleasant story:

Walking from the armory in Springfield, down street one day, giving no heed to the passing of carriages in the street, he suddenly heard a horse whinny. He looked in the direction of the sound, and recognized a horse he formerly owned. He waved his hand for the driver to stop. The man in the buggy did so, and Mr. R. stepped from the sidewalk into the street, and laying his hand on the horse, said to the gentleman:

"Excuse me for stopping you, sir; but I wanted to speak of your horse, which attracted me."

At the sound of his voice, the horse turned his head over his shoulder and softly whinnied again, as a horse will often do when one goes into the stall beside him to give feed. Mr. R. softly patted the creature, and the driver remarked:

"He is a fine animal."

"So I see," replied Mr. R. "How long have you owned him?"

"Two or three years; bought him of a Westfield man, whose name I don't remember. Had him out on the race course in Chicago last year."

Mr. R. stepped out in front of the animal, whose bright eyes and nodding head evinced his pleasure, and said:

"How do you do, Prince?"

The horse immediately put his right foot into the outstretched palm of his old friend, whom he had not seen for more than two years.

"I did not know he had any tricks like that," said the owner. "When did you know the horse?"

"I sold him for four hundred dollars to a man who came into my yard to see him—quick trade."

"And I was offered two thousand for him in Chicago last year," laughed the man in the buggy.

"Kiss your old master, if you love him," said Mr. R.; and the horse pulled on his check-rein and buried his lips in the full beard of his old friend.

"A fine old fellow!" said Mr. R. "And I should not have seen him if he had not called me."

He patted the horse an affectionate good-by, bowed, and the man in the buggy drove on, while he resumed the sidewalk, full of tender memory of an animal he had loved and lost.

PARTAKER BAD AS THE THIEF.

If the partaker is as bad as the thief, how much better are the men and women who ride and drive mutilated horses through our streets, than the criminals who caused them to be mutilated or who personally performed the mutilation?

A correspondent writes to the New York Evening Post that after spending a summer in England he has not seen one overhead check, that form of torture having been abolished by the crusade of the Duke of Portland and other owners and breeders of race and draft horses. — Chicago Tribune, Oct. 24, 1893.

We are indebted to Mr. Joseph M. Wade, of "Wade's Fibre and Fabric," for the dainty cut on page 103.

"NOT AT HOME."

A lady lounged in her rich boudoir,
A pattern of elegant grace;
Her robe had the rustle of costly moire
And splendid point d'anglaise;
And her hands like lily-buds folded were
In the creamiest tint of lace.

A "Sister of Charity" waiting stood
In the spacious hall below,
Her mission was noble, and holy, and good,—
God and the angels know;
And the face half hid 'neath the queer white hood,
Was pure as the unsolved snow.

The little boy who clung to her hand
Was an orphan seven years old—
One among millions in our land
Whose woes could scarcely be told—
One of the little ones of the land
Who know no pasture nor fold!

In a few sweet words the sister told
Her errand at the door;
She spoke of the winter so bitterly cold,
And the wretched, suffering poor.
'Tis sad, but the story is frequent and old—
We have heard it often before.

The servant waited with impudent stare;
Till the gentle woman had done;
But she blushed as her bold eye fell on the fair
White brow of the motherless one,
And uttered the lie she had been taught there,
"My mistress is not at home!"

The great tears filled the child's brown eyes
As they turned, without a word,
And the heart of the sister grew heavy with sighs
For its burden of "hope deferred."
And her prayer of patience cleft the skies,
Though by no mortal heard.

O woman of wealth! who basely rolled
Against your soul that lie,
Will you dare to send an answer as bold
When the "Master" bye-and-bye
Shall ask you, "How have you used the gold
That was lent you from on high?"

Can you treat that messenger with disdain,
As you oft before have done?
Can you send Him forth in the cold March rain
With the orphan and homeless one?
Dare you take on your lips the falsehood then
And answer Him "not at home?"

IN CHURCH.

From the Chicago News.

Just in front of my pew sits a maiden—
A little brown wing on her hat,
With its touches of tropical azure
And sheen of the sun upon that.

Through the bloom-covered pane shines a glory
By which the vast shadows are stirred;
But I pine for the spirit and splendor
That painted the wing of the bird!

The organ rolls down its great anthem,
With the soul of a song it is blent;
But for me, I am sick for the singing
Of one little song that is spent.

The voice of the curate is gentle—
"No sparrow shall fall to the ground"—
But the poor broken wing on the bonnet
Is mocking the merciful sound.

Close and sweet is the breath of the lilies
Asleep on the altar of prayer;
But my soul is athirst with the fragrance
Far out in the bountiful air.

And I wonder if ever or never,
With white wings o'er weary and furled,
I shall find the sweet spirit of pity
Abroad in the heart of the world.

WHO MADE FLEAS?

We are sometimes asked who made tigers, wolves, rattlesnakes, fleas, etc., etc.

The last verse of the first chapter of Genesis reads thus:

"And God saw everything that He had made, and behold it was very good."

If God did not make the creatures above-named, there is but one other power, so far as we know, in the universe, that could have made them.

LU'S BANANA.

I was sauntering along Broad street, the other day, when I saw a pleasant little street scene worthy of being recorded.

Two ragged newboys were trying to sell the earlier editions of the afternoon papers, while a bootblack, with his box slung over his back, was keeping a keen lookout for possible customers. Meanwhile, the three boys kept up a running fire of street chaff, such as these Arabs delight in.

Presently a man, carrying a large bunch of fine bananas on his shoulder, passed close by. The motion of his body loosened one of the biggest and ripest, and it fell to the sidewalk. The man kept on, not noticing or caring for his loss.

The banana lay on the pavement for about half a minute. Then the bootblack spied it, and, with a cry of delight, ran over and picked it up.

The two newsboys saw him in the act, and in a moment were by his side, eying the prize greedily.

I drew closer and watched the little comedy with interest. At first, I expected to see the bootblack eat the banana himself, and triumph over his less fortunate companions, and I was agreeably surprised to see him produce a pocket-knife and proceed to cut it into three pieces.

"Very generous," I said to myself. But then I noticed that one piece was considerably larger than either of the other two, and my admiration was somewhat dampened.

The others also noticed it, and one of them said:—

"Huh! Jerry's got the best of this deal!"

Jerry heard the remark, but he grinned good-naturedly, and when the others had gone away with their share, he unsling his box, sat down on it, and looked slyly around him.

I followed the direction of his eyes, and presently saw a little girl, who looked to be about eight years of age, with a little faded shawl drawn around her thin form, and a most distressed look in her pinched face.

She had three or four boxes of matches in her hand, but appeared to lack courage to sell them.

"Say, Lu," said the bootblack, in a low voice.

The girl approached slowly and timidly.

"D'ye like bananas?"

The girl nodded her head vigorously.

"Then here's something for you."

"For me?" she asked, amazedly.

"Yes; I saved it for you."

The girl took it in her hand eagerly, and then paused with a sudden thought.

"Where's yours?" she asked.

"I don't care for bananas," said Jerry, springing up suddenly. "Deed and double I don't. And I've had an apple, and a pear, and a peach, to-day. Black your boots, sir? Shine?"

He was off like a shot, leaving Lu with the piece of banana.

BETTER THAN BEGGING.

An urchin nine years old, with a very dirty face and pair of bright eyes, accosted a woman as she was hurrying across the common the other day.

"Please to give me some money to get me something to eat," he whined.

"No; I won't give you any money to get you something to eat," was the reply. The lady mimicked his whine.

Finally she hired him to carry her umbrella to her office, and on their way thither she gave him a dissertation on labor and its fruits in phrases she thought he would understand. She advised him to go into the newspaper business, and loaned him twenty cents to invest in papers, after he had signed his name to a contract she drew up, promising to pay her immediately he had cleared that amount.

In an hour and a half he came back to the office proudly and deposited the money loaned on her desk. She took ten cents of it and he kept the other to make further investments. The next day he cleared \$1.50. He was radiant.

"This is better than begging, isn't it?" she asked.

"You bet," he said.

"Now, if I give you this ten cents, will you promise to buy with it what I shall ask you?"

"Yes'm."

"Then buy a cake of soap and use it."

He said he would and went out. — Boston Globe.

"Is there no way in which you can use this poem?" asked the despairing poet.

"There is," said the editor. "We haven't had a load of wood in a week." — Atlanta Constitution.

The outcome of man's courtship nowadays is largely dependent upon his income. — Buffalo Courier.



Founders of American Band of Mercy.

GEO. T. ANGELL and REV. THOMAS TIMMINS.

Officers of Parent American Band of Mercy.

GEO. T. ANGELL, President; JOSEPH L. STEVENS, Secretary.

Over seventeen thousand branches of the Parent American Band of Mercy have been formed, with probably over a million members.

PLEDGE.

"I will try to be kind to all harmless living creatures, and try to protect them from cruel usage."

Any Band of Mercy member who wishes can cross out the word *harmless* from his or her pledge. M. S. P. C. A. on our badges means "Merciful Society Prevention of Cruelty to All."

We send *without cost*, to every person asking, a copy of "Band of Mercy" information and other publications.

Also *without cost*, to every person who writes that he or she has formed a "Band of Mercy" by obtaining the signatures of thirty adults or children or both—either signed or authorized to be signed—to the pledge, also the name chosen for the "band" and the name and post-office address [town and State] of the president.

1. Our monthly paper, "OUR DUMB ANIMALS," full of interesting stories and pictures, for one year.

2. Copy of Band of Mercy Songs.

3. Twelve Lessons on Kindness to Animals, containing many anecdotes.

4. Eight Humane Leaflets, containing pictures and one hundred selected stories and poems.

5. For the President, an imitation gold badge.

The head officers of Juvenile Temperance Associations, and teachers and Sunday school teachers, should be presidents of bands of mercy.

Nothing is required to be a member but to sign the pledge, or authorize it to be signed.

Any intelligent boy or girl fourteen years old can form a band with no cost, and receive what we offer, as before stated.

To those who wish badges, song and hymn books, cards of membership, and a membership book for each band, the prices are, for badges, gold or silver imitation, eight cents; ribbon, four cents; song and hymn books, with fifty-two songs and hymns, two cents; cards of membership, two cents; and membership book, eight cents. The "Twelve Lessons on Kindness to Animals" cost only two cents for the whole, bound together in one pamphlet. The Humane Leaflets cost twenty-five cents a hundred, or eight for five cents.

Everybody, old or young, who wants to do a kind act, to make the world happier or better, is invited to address, by letter or postal, GEO. T. ANGELL, Esq., President, 19 Milk Street, Boston, Mass., and receive full information.

Good Order of Exercises for Band of Mercy Meetings:

1—Sing Band of Mercy song or hymn, and repeat the Pledge together. [See Melodies.]

2—Remarks by President, and reading of Report of last Meeting by Secretary.

3—Readings, Recitations, "Memory Gems," and Anecdotes of good and noble sayings and deeds done to both human and dumb creatures, with vocal and instrumental music.

4—Sing Band of Mercy song or hymn.

5—A brief address. Members may then tell what they have done to make human and dumb creatures happier and better.

6—Enrollment of new members.

7—Sing Band of Mercy song or hymn.



BABY FRANKLIN AND HIS DOG ECHO.

Baby Franklin is a Massachusetts member of our "American Humane Education Society," and we hope he may live to be President of the United States.

DOGS AS PLAYFELLOWS.

There is a feeling against too great intimacy between the children and the household pussy. Cats are not suited by habits or disposition to be the close companions of children.

But the dog is a different animal. His abounding vitality and good humor, his faithfulness and courage, his usual good health under decent surroundings, all combine to make him a suitable pet and playfellow for the younger people of the household.

In the case of delicate children nothing is of greater importance than to keep the body warm. Animal heat is what is needed, the vitality that comes from direct contact with healthy blood. I have known many instances where the most beneficial results have followed allowing the child to share his bed with his dog.

A few years ago there lived in Boston a boy over whom several of the best physicians had consulted, and frankly said that they did not think he would live long, and that he certainly could not live in Boston or near the New England coast. Repeated attacks of inflammatory rheumatism, followed by pneumonia and trouble with the heart, had so reduced his vitality that he was in a very critical condition. He was at once taken away, the home was broken up and the family established themselves in the country nearly twenty miles from town. A horse and a dog were bought for him, and everything done to build up his health, and after two winters his condition was so much improved that the doctors agreed to let the family move back near their former home. He is now a strong, healthy young man, able to take a bicycle ride of thirty or forty miles without special fatigue.

Among the various things that were instrumental in his recovery a prominent place must be given to the dog, a fox terrier. When first purchased, a cushioned armchair was provided for him to sleep in by his master's bed, but as the nights grew colder he would be found in the morning in the bed, with the boy's arms about him, and the two heads resting on the same pillow. The warmth of his body would send away the pains that were creeping about the boy's chest and shoulders; the little fellow would sleep peacefully and wake refreshed. The young man now thinks that he owes his life to his dog. The mother believes that having him as a bedfellow did more than any other one thing to build up her son's health and strength, and the family doctor heartily adds his testimony that it was a very great advantage to the child. — *Healthy Home, and Congressionalist*.

A DOG THAT HUNTED FOR EGGS.

Occasionally a stray fowl would come to our yard. This Carlo tormented by keeping it constantly "on the move," not by making it run, but simply kept it walking about persistently unless it flew into the street, when he considered it game and pursued it thoroughly. As the chicks began to lay he took it upon himself, without any teaching by us, to find and bring in the eggs, never sucking any and rarely breaking them. If broken, it was because he laid them down too heavily upon the veranda floor. When a hen stole her nest, he was sure to miss her and search her out, then get her eggs if he could reach them; if unable to do so, he would stand and whine till aid came. — *MARY E. HOLMES, in Science*.

DOGS AS RAILROAD PASSENGERS.

A sportsman was not long ago traveling in Belgium with his dog, whose place had been paid for. However, in spite of this, there being at a station on the line no room for a traveler, a railway employee turned the dog off his seat. Probably the dog's feelings were not hurt, but his master protested indignantly, and subsequently appealed to the administration of the State railways for a decision on the subject. It has been given, and is in favor of the dog, it being decreed that he is as much entitled to a seat as his master, and that where a compartment has room for ten passengers, and there happen to be five men and five dogs therein, it must be considered as full, tickets of course being taken for the dogs. — *London Standard*.

A GREEN MEMORY ABOUT A GREEN LEAF.

BY WILLIAM HARKER, SWITCHMAN.

It was a burning hot day in July. The rails fairly groaned and creaked as the fierce sun forced them closer and closer together. The switch lever almost scorched the hand when one took hold of it to throw the switch.

It was a very busy day. Trains were hurrying in all directions, and it was necessary to stand at the switch and keep a sharp lookout. As I stood there ready for the next train I happened to look down at the rails near my feet and I noticed a large brown caterpillar running hurriedly along the flange of the rail. He would only run about a foot and then stop, as though he were out of breath. Then he would try to climb up the rail so as to get to the other side, where he would be in the shade; but finding he could not manage this he would drop down again and make another run for a short distance, and again try to get over the rail. I knew the hot steel must be painful to his many feet, and when a spare moment came I got a shaving near by, and placing it in front of him as he ran along he ran on to it. Then I carried him around in the shade of the switch-house. Seeing a green dandelion leaf I held the shaving close beside it, when he ran eagerly on to the leaf and began to eat. While he was eating he looked up, as though to find out how he came to pastures green, and I thought he nodded his head, but I might have been mistaken.

The day was one to test the nerves and try the patience, but as I went home at night tired and faint, I felt that it was not altogether a failure.

Someone has said that kind deeds are the fireside at which the memory takes repose, and if so we may all to-day lay up in store the fuel that will make bright, warm fires by and by. Youth is the time to be making sweet memories for old age to enjoy. Shall we do it?

Allendale, Ont.

Mrs. Wickwire—"Henry, I want you to get a cat as soon as you can."

Mr. Wickwire—"What's the matter with a mouse trap?"

Mrs. W.—"I don't want her for mice. This paper says that it is the custom in all refined families to save the heads and tails of the fish for the cat. How can we do that unless we have a cat to save them for?" — *Indianapolis Journal*.

OUR DUMB ANIMALS.

Boston, February, 1894.

ARTICLES for this paper may be sent to
GEO. T. ANGELL, President, 19 Milk St.

Persons wishing a bound volume of this paper for a public library, reading-room, or the public room of a large hotel, can send us eighteen cents in postage stamps to pay postage, and will receive the volume.

BACK NUMBERS FOR DISTRIBUTION.

Persons wishing "Our Dumb Animals" for gratuitous distribution can send us five cents to pay postage, and receive ten copies, or ten cents and receive twenty copies.

TEACHERS AND CANVASSERS.

Teachers can have "Our Dumb Animals" one year for twenty-five cents.

Canvassers can have sample copies free, and retain one-half of every fifty-cent subscription.

Our "American Humane Education Society" sends this paper this month to the editors of about ten thousand newspapers and magazines.

OUR AMBULANCE

Can be had at any hour of the day or night by calling Telephone 1652, Boston.

Horse owners are expected to pay reasonable charges.

In emergency cases of severe injury, where owners are unable to pay, the ambulance will be sent at the expense of the Society.

SUBSCRIPTIONS AND REMITTANCES.

We would respectfully ask all persons who send us subscriptions or remittances to examine our report of receipts, which is published in each number of our paper, and if they do not find the sums they have sent properly credited, kindly notify us.

If correspondents fail to get satisfactory answers please write again, and on the envelope put the word "Personal."

My correspondence is now so large that I can read only a small part of the letters received, and seldom long ones.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

We are glad to publish this month three hundred and forty-one new branches of our "Parent Band of Mercy," making a total of seventeen thousand nine hundred and six.

MARKED COPIES.

We respectfully ask brother editors who kindly send us their papers, to mark articles which they wish us to see. We never intend to miss a marked article, but having as we do sometimes over 100 papers and magazines in a single day, it is simply impossible to see everything they contain.

BAND OF MERCY SONGS.

Will friends please send us all the good "Band of Mercy" songs they can. (With or without music.) When we get enough we shall put them into the hands of a competent person to select and prepare a new song book.

"BLACK BEAUTY" PRICES AND WARNING.

Our beautiful cloth-bound Library Edition, twenty-five cents at our offices, thirty cents when sent by mail; Board Edition, twelve cents at our offices, twenty cents when sent by mail; Old Gold Edition, six cents at our offices, ten cents when sent by mail; Italian Edition, ten cents at our offices, fourteen cents when sent by mail. Lower prices when large numbers are ordered.

Various publishers, taking advantage of our wide presentation and advertisement, have issued spurious editions of "Black Beauty," leaving out the Codman letter and all the humane pictures and information which constitute an important part of our book, and substituting advertisements of corsets, medical discoveries, pills, etc., etc. Don't buy them.

PRESIDENT ANGELL RECOVERING.

After a long period of better than usual health, and while feeling that its continuance through the winter might reasonably be expected, Mr. Angell became suddenly ill and without apparent cause. He left our offices in good spirits and with cheerful adieus on Thursday, Jan. 4, and in the evening was an interested looker-on and participant in the diversions of the family. The next morning he complained of a cold and prudently remained at home. The day following it was more severe, then came symptoms of pneumonia, and soon the dread disease in its most dangerous form.

Nursed with tender assiduity by a devoted wife, treated with zealous care by the best medical skill, inspired by an earnest faith that there is still much uncompleted work for him to do, and preserved by the kind Providence that watches over all our ways, he has passed the critical stage and is, we fervently hope, now on the road to recovery.

SEVENTY YEARS YOUNG.

Under the above heading we are pleased to find in the January "Humane Educator" of Cincinnati from the pen of its editor, Oscar B. Todhunter, the following:

"What a remarkable example is George T. Angell of youth in old age. Though past seventy we see in him such a combination of restless energy and patient, persistent hard work as is rarely found in a man of one-half his age. Indeed he seems to develop in power and resource, as the years go on, so that one cannot think of him as growing old. Actually he seems to be growing younger year by year.

He is the prime mover and persistent force in humane education in this country, and for that matter in the world, and is wielding an influence that must tell for good for generations to come. Whoever misses reading and circulating his beautiful little paper, "Our Dumb Animals," each month, misses a great opportunity," etc., etc.

Now if being pleased with such kind words from good friends is an indication that we are getting into our second childhood, we hope it may continue twenty or thirty years longer, for we are sure that we enjoy it a good deal more than we did our first, when we were a poor fatherless boy, homeless and almost friendless.

FRANCES E. WILLARD.

We are glad to receive from our good friend Miss Willard, now in England, a Christmas and New Year's card, with kind wishes and a leaf of English ivy. Thousands on this side the ocean wish a long and happy continuance of her useful life.

"HOLLYHURST" AND "SHANE'S."

We are pleased to receive from Marshall Saunders of Halifax, Nova Scotia, to whom was awarded our \$200 prize for her Northern States prize story, "Beautiful Joe," a kind letter in which she tells us how much pleased she is with "Hollyhurst," and adds: "I am delighted with 'The Strike at Shane's.' It is something new and original. I don't know when I have read anything that pleased me so much. If you have any circulars about it I shall be happy to distribute them with my circulars of 'Beautiful Joe.'"

What humane woman will do her shopping in stores where her sensibilities must be shocked by the sight of suffering chameleons paraded as attractions.

GOOD NEWS.

The School Committee of Boston have promptly and unanimously voted to prohibit the dissection of animals in the public schools. Now let all right-minded and right-hearted people in every city and town urge like action on their School Committees. Boston wisely anticipates what Massachusetts will do. This wretched practice is to be stopped.

Mr. Wise offered an order — That dissection of animals be prohibited in the public school buildings of the city of Boston.

Mr. Wise said it had come to his notice, through a parent of a pupil in one of the high schools, that dissection of animals, cats, etc., put under the influence of chloroform, was carried on in the school by one of the masters. He had ascertained upon inquiry of the master that such was the case. Before coming to the board he had been informed by another parent that the same thing was done in another high school, although he understood that there was no dissecting in the English High School. He felt that dissection should not be permitted in the schools, and it served absolutely no useful purpose; that if the medical profession was to be followed by any such instruction it could be obtained in medical schools, and that the idea of having their children view such operations was abhorrent to parents. — Transcript report.

HELP HIM.

We know not how Senator Smith may feel towards the matter, but we certainly hope that he may see his way clear to aid Geo. T. Angell, the well-known humanitarian, in his endeavors to have the legislature pass a law making it compulsory upon owners of horses which have had their tails "docked" to provide a suitable net or cloth for the animal's protection from insects during the heated season.

This is a measure in which every lover of a horse should gladly join, to the end that much needless suffering may be saved one of man's best friends.

In 1889 the legislature very wisely passed a law which provided that the docking of a horse should be punishable by imprisonment in jail not exceeding one year, or by a fine of not less than \$100 nor more than \$250. But the law has proved to be a hard one to enforce, for the reason that the men who do such deeds work in the dark and are careful to conceal the evidence. Even the promise of large rewards has not been sufficient to induce those conversant with the facts to testify against the butchers. It has thus become necessary to find other means than in the law already in force to protect the horse.

Mr. Angell's proposition is that if the netting law proposed by him is passed, whenever any mutilated horse should be seen by the Society's agents without such netting or cloth, they would have the evidence to secure conviction, and make the matter so annoying to the riders and drivers of mutilated horses that they would soon be compelled to discontinue the mutilation.

Two successive Houses of Representatives have acted favorably on such a law, but defeat has each time been met with in the Senate. We certainly hope the Senate of 1894 will set a better example. — Cape Ann Breeze.

IF TRUE, ATROCIOUS.

"K. P." of Cambridge, writes thus to the *Evening Transcript* of Jan. 20:

"Let me mention a story which came to me. A teacher in one of our public schools chloroformed a kitten for class instruction in vivisection; the poor creature revived under the knife, and its sufferings were great, but the teacher refused to again chloroform it. One of the girls fainted, and another wished to leave the room, but this was not permitted, and she was obliged to remain an unwilling witness of the pain she was powerless to prevent.

It is still questioned by scientific men whether the observation and study of the play of life in the living tissues is necessary to the progress of medical and surgical science. I am too ignorant to venture an opinion, but this I do hold and maintain, that its practice in our schools is not only unnecessary but harmful, for it tends to promote an indifference to animal life, and a cold-blooded callousness to its pain, and encourages the brutal and cowardly love of teasing which is now but too prominent among our boys."

For the good name of schools and teachers we hope the story is not true. But if it is we want for publication the name of school and teacher.

How Jesse Pomeroy would have gloated over the tortures of that vivisected kitten! And possible Jesse Pomeroy's are born every day.

Friends in every Massachusetts town and city, help us by petition and otherwise to obtain these needed laws:

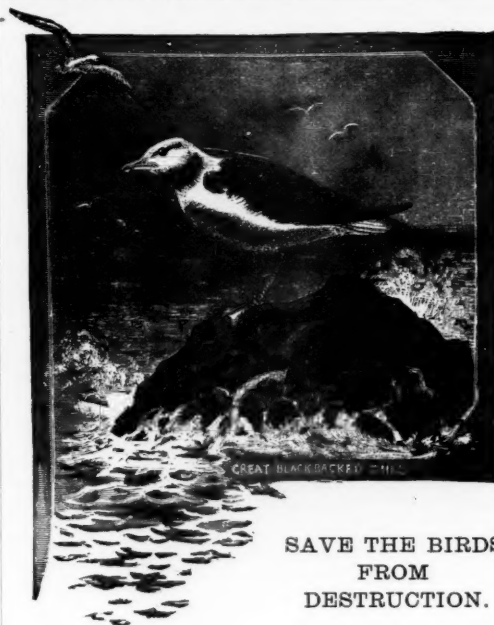
Be it enacted, That no teacher shall teach the children of any school of this Commonwealth to dissect toads, frogs, cats, dogs, or any warm-blooded animal, nor shall any teacher perform any such dissection or exhibit any such dissected animal in the presence of children.

Any violation of this act shall be punished by a fine of not less than ten nor more than twenty dollars.

Be it enacted, That no person shall lead any bear or other dangerous wild animal on any road or street in this Commonwealth, or otherwise cause such animal to pass or be conveyed over any such road or street unless properly confined in a cage.

Any violation of this act shall be punished by a fine of not over fifty nor less than twenty dollars. And any such uncaged bear or other wild animal may be killed by any sheriff, deputy sheriff, constable, police officer, or other person.

Civilization seems to be a good way off when "Newspaper Row" is packed with excited men and boys eager to learn from the bulletin-boards which prize-fighter pounded the other the hardest for the gratification not only of Florida brutes, but of brutes all over the country (asking pardon of the four-footed). Missionary work is still needed right here in Boston.



SAVE THE BIRDS
FROM
DESTRUCTION.

A PETITION TO BE REFUSED.

Sundry people have asked the Legislature to repeal so much of the law of 1886 as will give them the right to gather gulls' and terns' eggs for food purposes during the month of June on the outlying islands of Nantucket County.

"Food purposes!" One would suppose the great roc of Arabian mythology had come to our coast in the guise of a modern gull, and was laying great eggs, full of meat, that are denied a starving people, whereas these eggs that the petitioners feign to hunger for are about the size of a pigeon's, and it would take three of them to equal the ordinary hen's egg.

It is a community of frugal, thrifty folk that these petitioners claim to represent, with very few of the absolutely poor, and none so impoverished as to need these little eggs in June when there is work enough for all who will take it. The pretext is thinner than the shells of the eggs they seek to appropriate. There must be some ulterior purpose that the promoters of that petition do not care to disclose.

Five varieties of birds are endangered by this petition, their present numbers standing in about this order: Wilson's Tern, Roseate Tern, Arctic Tern, Least Tern, and Laughing Gull. Until the passage of the law whose repeal is now sought, they had largely disappeared along our coast, owing to the robbing of their nests and the killing of them for decoration of women's bonnets. As soon as they were protected by the beneficent law of 1886 they began to breed again in their old haunts, the young returning and compounding the numbers, until now this Muskeget bird colony is the largest on the coast. The Laughing Gull disappeared entirely for several years. There are now some twenty-five pairs. The Arctic Tern became exceedingly scarce. This also has reappeared in increasing numbers.

Society cannot afford to lose the humanizing and refining influences of this beautiful bird-life that will be destroyed if protection is removed. There is a more directly economic aspect as well. These birds have claims on the good will of coast-folk and islanders for guiding them

(some say) where to find schools of blue-fish that appear in the very month in which men ask leave to rob them of their eggs.

We pray and trust the petitioners will have leave to withdraw. Massachusetts does not legislate backwards.

Extract from a letter.

A petition has been received at our Legislature from Nantucket asking that so much of the present law be repealed which prohibits the taking of eggs of undomesticated birds for food purposes, during the month of June on the outlying islands in Nantucket county. It will be easily seen that it means to rob all the gulls' and terns' nests on Muskeget during their entire laying season. To grant such a request on any plea means to destroy the only large colony of these beautiful birds on the New England coast, and so far south as New York, as it is certain to break up this, their breeding haunt, which is now flourishing and of magnificent proportions.

I am convinced there is nothing in the plea that they need them as a food supply. These birds are as much good as our pictures or our flowers, because they likewise exert a refining influence, they are pleasing to the eye, and a source of pleasure to almost every sojourner at the seashore. There are many people to whom bird-life is a necessity as important to their enjoyment of nature as are the more practical necessities of life,—gulls' eggs, for instance. Why should we be deprived of enjoying them?

CHAMELEONS IN CHAINS.

"I should like to call your attention to the chameleons which are being brought here in such large numbers from the South and sold in this city. There is a chain and pin attached to the little creatures so that they can be worn as an ornament. (?)

In many families, especially where there are children who have not been taught to treat animals kindly, these little defenceless creatures will suffer from rough handling, and also for lack of proper food and water.

A few words on this subject in "*Dumb Animals*" will arouse the sympathy of many kind-hearted people who may be instrumental in preventing these little creatures being brought here to suffer, and also be a protection to those that are here."

This is a case where (in the judgment of our chief prosecutors) more reliance is to be placed on common sense and an educated public sentiment than on the coercive force of existing law. It is not only a mean form of cruelty thus inflicted on a wholly defenceless little creature, but it is grossly vulgar to appear bedizened with lizards crawling over the person.

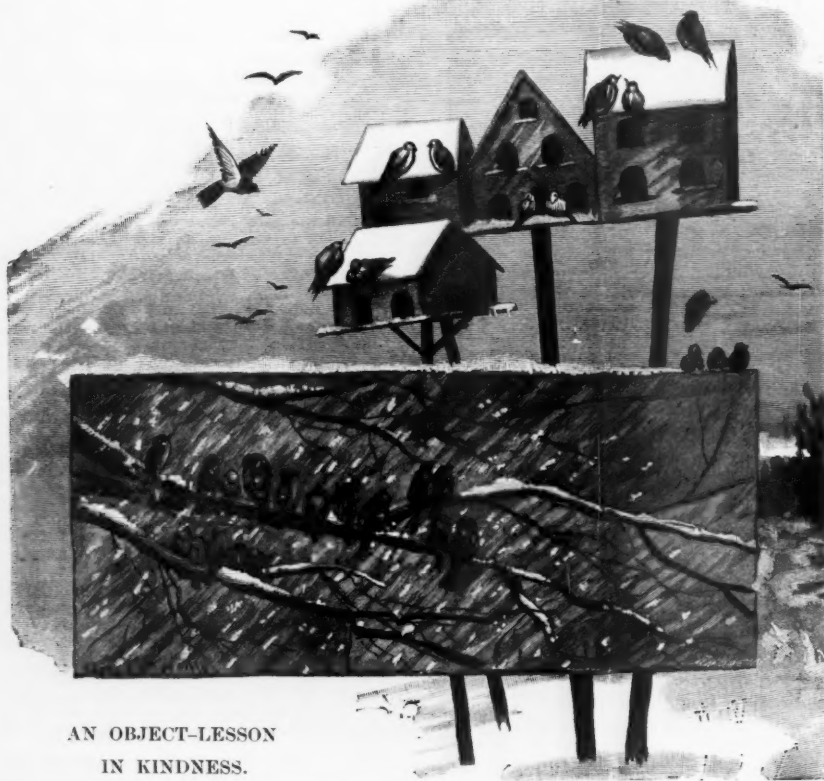
The American chameleon is said to have a keen relish for the *Cimex lectularius*, a certain wingless, blood-sucking insect, the terror of cleanly housewives. This pest likes a frequent change of abode, and uses humankind as a convenient means. The suggestion is made that while some lizard-wearers are only gratifying a barbaric taste, others may be using these chameleons to help them get rid of offensive and abhorred traveling companions.

That person must be sadly lacking in sensibility who does not shrink from being looked upon as indifferent to the sufferings of even a lizard, or as needing an attendant scavenger held by a pinchbeck chain.

As for the dealers, if they will not be persuaded or shamed out of this contemptible traffic, let them be shunned.

In biology work Mr. Angell has apparently confounded "vivisection" with ordinary "dissection."—Principal of Springfield High School.

Mr. Angell has done nothing of the sort. He knows the meaning of both too well for the quiet of those who practise either in our public schools. His voice will be heard in reprobation until neither "vivisection" nor "dissection" will be tolerated in the public schools of this Commonwealth.



AN OBJECT-LESSON
IN KINDNESS.

In our paper of last March was a letter from an interested observer of what he called "A Practical Object-Lesson in Kindness" almost daily at about half-past twelve on Bosworth Street. "A kind-hearted man," he said, "has made it a habit for some time past at this hour to feed the pigeons that gather on the roofs and window-sills in the neighborhood, and in answer to his chirp and whistle come flocking down around him, alighting all over him, upon hands and arms and head, taking corn from his palm and even from his lips."

DISSECTION AS A FINE ART.

The dissections and all the operations are "artist work."—*Principal of High School, in Springfield Union.*

The agitation of the whole question in the Boston papers, and especially in "Our Dumb Animals," * * proceeds from ignorance, both of what has been done for years, and of what ought to be done still more than it is. The well-meant efforts of Mr. Angell are handicapped by a lack of knowledge.—*Principal of High School, in Springfield Union.*

The country press also are agitating in this matter, and when the newspapers of both city and country move against an abuse it is sure to go under. In the long winter evenings, at the country store and by the country fireside the local paper is read, often aloud, with a thoughtful care that few city people can bestow on theirs. The result is going to be a 'handicapping' of public school dissectors by statute.

How much Theodore Parker was needed on earth the Sunday after the infamous Florida prize-fight!

But the measure of their good fortune was not yet full. Early this winter A. W. Spencer, Esq., a life member of our Societies, called at this office to see if permission could be obtained to erect a bird-house for the pigeons of Bosworth Street. If so, our Society might build one at his expense. Mr. W. S. Butler kindly gave leave to place the structure on one of his rear buildings. This was done. And now the pigeons of that neighborhood rejoice in the bounty of the hackman who feeds, and the State Street banker who shelters them.

AT CHAMELEON COUNTER.

Girl—(taking chained chameleon up and placing it under her chin) Oh, I think they are just lovely. I have one at home that I take out with me sometimes.

Young Man (standing by.) Did you never think how these poor little things must suffer, brought from a tropical climate into a cold one?

Girl—Oh, I took mine out last night to a party.

Young Man—What! Out in that cold snow-storm?

Girl—Yes.

Young Man—Was it alive this morning?

Girl—Oh yes, when I left home.

Young Man—Then you don't think it cruel to take them out of a warm room into the outdoor cold?

Girl—Well, it is cruel, isn't it? I never thought of that.

A conductor on a Winter Hill train of the Boston and Maine R.R. shocked and disgusted the passengers recently by wearing a live lizard chained to his shirt front. Such a conductor ought to be bounced. He dishonors his calling and is an offence to travelers.

EMPLOYMENT FOR THE POOR.

We are glad to know that our articles on this subject have attracted wide attention, being sent, as they were, in marked copies of this paper to all editors in North America north of Mexico, and to all members of Congress.

The result has been petitions to Congress, and a bill now before Congress appropriating large sums to furnish labor to the poor.

PRAYER AND POTATOES.

[Of the following poem—a fragment of a charity sermon, preached in Dorchester, Mass., thirty years ago—John G. Whittier wrote: "It is more valuable than some epics. I am not sure but it is more to the Master's purpose than any learned theological poem which has been published since it was written."]

An old lady sat in her old arm-chair,
With wrinkled visage and dishevelled hair,
And hunger-worn features;
For days and for weeks her only fare,
As she sat there in her old arm chair,
Had been *Potatoes*.

But now they were gone; of bad or good
Not one was left for the lady's food
Of those potatoes;
And she sighed and said, "What shall I do?
Where shall I send and to whom shall I go
For more *Potatoes*?"

And she thought of the deacon over the way,
The deacon so ready to worship and pray,
Whose cellar was full of potatoes.
And she said: "I will send for the deacon to come;
He'll not mind much to give me some
Of such a store of *Potatoes*."

But the deacon's religion didn't lie that way;
He was more accustomed to preach and pray
Than to give of his hoarded potatoes;
So not hearing, of course, what the old lady said,
He rose to pray with uncovered head;
But she only thought of *Potatoes*.

He prayed for patience, and wisdom and grace,
But when he prayed "Lord give her peace,"
She audibly said, "Give potatoes;"
At the end of each prayer which he said,
He heard, or thought that he heard in its stead
The same request for *Potatoes*.

The deacon was troubled—knew not for what;
'Twas very embarrassing to have her act so
About "carnal potatoes."

So ending his prayer, he started for home,
But as the door closed behind him he heard a deep
groan,

"Oh, give to the hungry—*Potatoes*!"

And that groan followed him all the way home;
In the midst of the night it haunted his room—
"O give to the hungry—potatoes!"
He could bear it no longer; arose and dressed,
From his well-filled cellar taking in haste
A bag of his best *Potatoes*.

Again he went to the widow's lone hut;
Her sleepless eyes she had not yet shut;
But there she sat in that old arm chair,
With the same wan features, the same sad air;
And entering in he poured on the floor
A bushel or more of his goodly store
Of choicest *Potatoes*.

The widow's heart leaped up for joy;
Her face was haggard and wan no more.
"Now," said the deacon, "shall we pray?"
"Yes," said the widow, "now you may;"
And he kneeled down on the sanded floor
Where he had poured his goodly store;
And such a prayer the deacon prayed
As never before his lips essayed;
No longer embarrassed, but free and full
He poured out the voice of a liberal soul,
And the widow shouted aloud "Amen!"
But said no more of *Potatoes*.

And would you who hear this simple tale,
Pray for the poor, and praying, prevail?
Then preface your prayers with alms and good deeds;
Search out the poor, their wants and their needs;
Pray for peace, and grace, and spiritual food,
For wisdom and guidance—for all these are good;
But don't forget the *Potatoes*.

THE STRIKE AT SHANE'S.

A SYMPOSIUM OF EDITORS.

We have long since given up reading *any* book through, but we took up "The Strike at Shane's" and read it through before putting it down. The men who publish these books are doing a humane work in educating mankind in the proper use of the dumb animal over which God has given them dominion while on earth.

"Black Beauty" and "The Strike at Shane's" are of more value, given to a child at the age of ten, than a fortune of thousands would be given at thirty, and ten cents each by mail will secure them. — *Wade's Fibre and Fabric*, Boston.

A book that every farmer ought to put in the hands of his boys. — *American Farmer*, Springfield, O.

The strongest and best written book of the kind. — *Railroad Record*, Philadelphia, Pa.

A beautiful conception, every bit as good as "Black Beauty." — *Commercial Weekly*, Washington, D. C.

Apart from the wonderfully impressive lesson taught, it contains intrinsic merit by reason of its literary excellence. — *Beaumont, (Tex.) Journal*.

An excellent gift-book for boys and girls. — *Southern Gem*, Melbourne, Fla.

Should be in every library and school-room in the land. — *Lovejoy (Ga.) Picayune*.

A story we can recommend to any Sunday-school library. — *Southern Aegis*, Ashville, Ala.

Makes an excellent companion for that delightful book "Black Beauty." — *Orange (Mass.) Journal*.

A thrilling narrative, considered by many judges superior to "Black Beauty." — *Woburn (Mass.) Journal*.

All lovers of animals should buy it. — *Webster (Mass.) Times*.

A book which is sure to make its influence felt. — *Hampshire Co. (Mass.) Journal*, Northampton.

Written in a simple, entertaining style, easily comprehended by young readers. — *Milford (Mass.) Gazette*.

A very attractive little story, which enlists the sympathy of every one who reads. — *Evening Standard*, New Bedford, Mass.

A cleverly-told story, with a well-sustained purpose. — *Daily Evening Item*, Lynn, Mass.

A unique plea for more humane treatment of animals. — *Franklin (Mass.) Sentinel*.

Of absorbing interest to humane hearts. — *Foxboro (Mass.) Times*.

Admirably written and most interesting reading. — *Spencer (Mass.) Sun*.

A delightful story. Boys and girls, men and women will be made better by the reading of it. — *Greenfield (Ind.) Republican*.

We have read it and recommend it to the public as excellent. — *Harper (Kan.) Sentinel*.

The book contains much humor, as well as animal and human nature, and is well worth reading. — *Neb. State Leader*, Lincoln, Neb.

Every child in the land ought to read it. — *New Church Independent*, Chicago, Ill.

Its chapters abound in exquisite bits of tenderness and devotion. — *Twin City Live Stock Reporter*, St. Paul, Minn.

Spicy, interesting and valuable work. — *Bedford Co. (Tenn.) Times*.

Even better than "Black Beauty" in many respects, as it teaches the duty of humane treatment of all animals. — *Capital Journal*, Salem, Ore.

First-class throughout. — *Colorado Farmer*, Denver.

A delightfully-told little story, which seizes upon the reader's interest at once. — *Los Angeles (Cal.) Daily Times*.

A beautiful little story of animal life. — *Harrison Courier*, Cynthiana, Ky.

A spirited story with a motive, and a good one. — *Newark (N. J.) Evening News*.

Appeals to and touches the heart and should be read by every one. — *Pine Bluff (Ark.) Daily Commercial*.

WHAT SOME OF OUR CORRESPONDENTS SAY OF "HOLLYHURST."

"The lessons taught carry conviction and inculcate a strong desire to treat dumb animals with kindness."

"It is very true to nature."

"Commends itself to me as a probable tale, and as an excellent literary effort."

"A most excellent book."

"Decidedly useful because dealing with a great variety of situations and giving much information in detail."

"A splendid educator, true to nature and every-day experience."

"One of the best stories I have ever read."

"Valuable for its fine quality as an object lesson."

"Few could finish it and renew even thoughtless cruelties while remembering the dear Hollyhurst family whose tenderness is made so attractive that it suggests imitation."

"The author's style is polished and pleasant."

"Has a wide scope and will do immense good."

MIDWINTER.

"Heigho! it is dark," sings the robin.
"Heigho! it is dull," caws the crow.
"It is time to be raising one's spirits,
Cheep, cheep," says the sparrow, I trow.

The sun now is early in setting.
"I'm glad he has gone," says the owl.
"You're always a-mousing and hooting,
Cluck, cluck," says the old barn-door fowl.

"Be still, my dear wife," says the rooster,
"The farmer I see creeping near."
"You are tough for the pot," says the bantam.
"I pray don't be anxious, my dear."

"It's cold," says the dear little snowbird;
"And seeds they are scanty and bad,
I must sing all the clearer and louder
Because the short days are so sad."

"Hiss, hiss," cries the goose in the stable,
As her head from the window she pokes;
"I believe you're an optimist, snowbird,
And almost as silly as folks."

"Do stop all this clatter and clamor,"
Now plaintively whimpers the mole;
"Why don't you put by your contention,
And each creep away to his hole?"

"Oh, keep your advice till it's wanted,"
Cry all, "and go back to your wife,
Because you must slumber all winter,
Shall we have no pleasure in life?"

Chorus: "Because you must slumber all winter,
Shall we have no pleasure in life?"

AUGUSTA LARNED, in *Christian Register*.



In the far away eastern countries,
Where the mountains, grim and grand,
Tower skyward like stern old sentinels —
Guards to a better land —

The craggy slopes are dotted
With many a feeding flock,
And here and there are the sheepfolds
Built on the solid rock.

As we stand on the heights at evening
To gaze on the slopes below,
The sheep look like fair white lilies —
Like lilies, white as snow,

Set in a bank of emerald;
And upborne on the evening air,
There comes a low, soft tinkling
Like the vesper call to prayer.

As we gaze on these lowly shepherds
It gladdens our hearts to see
That the weary and faint and weak ones
Are borne so tenderly,

That the young lambs are laid on their bosoms;
And we think, as our eyes grow dim —
If the lambs are so dear to those shepherds
How much dearer are we to Him!

HE WOULD HAVE HAD MORE SENSE.

Lord Cockburn, after a long stroll, sat down on a hillside beside a shepherd and observed that the sheep selected the coldest situation for lying down. "Mac," said he, "I think if I were a sheep I should certainly have preferred the other side of that hill." The shepherd answered, "Ay, my lord; but if ye had been a sheep ye would have had mair sense;" and Lord Cockburn was never tired of relating the story and turning the laugh on himself. — *London Tit-Bits*.

MACAULAY'S RHYMING.

The *English Illustrated Magazine* contains some delightful, simple and childish lines written by Lord Macaulay for his little niece, and illustrating what a magazine of long ago called "the Tom side of Macaulay;" for the historian and poet was "Tom" to many people, and a Tom full of good nature and fun. The author of the article says:

"This little poem was written when my father was spending a holiday at his family home in Somersetshire, and was much occupied in fishing, of which he was very fond. One day he took his little girl out with him, as a special treat for her, and he found that she regarded the whole proceeding with horror, and that he could only pacify her by throwing the fish back into the stream.

The story delighted Lord Macaulay, whose sympathy with the sport was not of a nature to interfere with his enjoyment of the incident. He wrote to my mother:

'I am delighted to hear that my dear Baba plays at meeting Uncle Tom again. Is she old enough to take care of a canary-bird or two? From her tenderness to the little fish, I think I may venture to trust her with live animals. Here is a song for her:

There was a little good Baba,
And she said to her dear papa,
'My dear papa, I do wish
You would not catch the little fish!'
Then said papa, 'Why not, my jewel?'
Then said Baba, 'It is so cruel!
If you were run through with a hook,
And pulled along, and boiled by cook,
You would not think it nice at all,
But you would kick and roar and squall.
So let the little fishes play,
Papa, and do not hurt them, pray!'"

ANGELL MEDALS

OF SILVER, GOLD, AND DIAMONDS.

We have received from a clear-headed and kind-hearted lady in Ohio a very beautiful design which she calls the "Angell Medal," a part of it being the badge of our "Bands of Mercy," and she tells us how a wealthy gentleman in New York has been giving large numbers of medals of silver, gold, and diamonds in churches, Sunday Schools, and elsewhere, as prizes for the best public speaking and recitations on the subject of temperance.

She asks whether some similar plan might not be adopted to promote wide public speaking and recitations on other humane subjects.

The good lady evidently thought that we might personally have the means to carry out such a plan.

But unfortunately, although we always mean to pay our bills, *we are not a wealthy gentleman*, never owned a diamond in our life, have only a few silver spoons of that metal, and only one article of gold, which is a gold watch we bought second-hand some twenty years ago for the sum of ten dollars.

But there is something in this good lady's suggestion which, adopted by some wealthy man or woman who would undertake to supply the required medals, *bearing his or her name*, might result in vast good.

If anybody will furnish the money we might through the offer of these medals, or their equivalent in money prizes, without doubt secure prize public speaking, recitations, and discussions in a large proportion of our American colleges and universities on such subjects as the prevention of wars, cruelty, crime, the importance of humane education, the importance to public health and public morals of kind treatment of the lower animals, etc., etc.

And these prize competitions might, with additional means, be extended to schools of lower grades and to competitive public speaking, recitations, and discussions in many cities and towns.

We can see clearly how *one wealthy man or woman*, by simply furnishing these medals, may undoubtedly accomplish more good in the world than all the royal families of Europe have accomplished in this nineteenth century.

All details could be managed and carried out in these offices.

The plan would be to give, first, silver medals to those who have shown the greatest excellence in humane public speaking, recitations, or discussions in their respective classes or schools.

Then the winners of silver medals would be permitted to compete for gold, and then the winners of gold medals would be permitted to compete for the diamonds, the difference between the gold and diamond medals being that in the gold medal would be set diamonds.

These public competitions may be either free to all persons who wish to attend them, or admission fees may be charged to go to local objects or charities.

It is just as practical to have in all our colleges, universities, and elsewhere prize competitions in public humane speaking, recitations, and discussions on humane subjects, as it is to have public competitions in football games.

We have been trying during the past year to carry humane education into our colleges and universities, as we have been carrying it, through our "Bands of Mercy" and otherwise, into the lower grades of schools, and have been thinking of plans to have competent lecturers visit and address them; but the plan above suggested, if it could be carried out, would prove we think vastly more useful.

Nothing is more needed in this world to-day for the protection of property and life, and the promotion of peace on earth and good will to every living creature than a general humane education of all the children and youth in our American colleges and schools, and the plan above set forth is as practical and practicable as the building of war ships and the casting of \$10,000 cannon. All it lacks is money.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

ONE HUNDRED YEARS OLD.

On January 13 our national flag, "Old Glory," the Stars and Stripes, was one hundred years old, Congress having passed a resolution on January 13, 1794, that the flag of the United States shall be fifteen stripes alternate red and white, and that the union shall be fifteen stars white in a blue field. Substantially this is the flag to-day, though the number of stripes has been reduced to thirteen.

The passion some women have for attending auctions is a more-bid taste.—*Styings*.

OLD ROCKET.

JULIA K. HILDRETH.

"That's what I call sinful waste, feeding oats to a horse that can't do a stroke of work. Just turn him out into the wood-lot, Luke, and mind you put up the bars."

Poor old Rocket raised his head at the sound of his master's well-known voice, and a gleam of affection came into his dim, brown eyes. But old farmer Banks did not even glance toward the gaunt white horse, and Luke led the way to the lonesome wood-land which henceforth was to be the animal's home. He muttered, too, as he went, "I hope when I grow old I won't be so mean as to begrudge a creature a handful of oats after he's worked himself out for me."

He stroked the horse's nose with rough pity as he replaced the bars and returned to his work in the stable-yard.

Day after day Rocket would come down to the fence and wait for someone to take him home, his chin resting on the upper rail and his eyes turned longingly toward the stable. Meanwhile the days grew shorter, the scanty herbage scantier, and the nights colder.

It was the twenty-fourth of December, and bitter cold. An icy wind whistled through the leafless branches overhead, and the ground was covered with a rough coat of ice.

Poor old Rocket, hungry and shivering, leaning wearily against a tree-trunk in the desolate wood, suddenly pricked up his ears and started forward with a joyful whinny. He had heard the well-remembered, well-loved voice of his master, and presently he saw his master's wagon on the narrow road before him.

"Come on," said Mr. Banks, impatiently: "don't be all night!"

How was Rocket to know that he was addressing the frisky young creature between the shafts? He thought the command was for him. So he hobbled forward at his very best speed. Who can tell what thoughts and anticipations wandered through old Rocket's dim brain as he ambled after the vehicle! Perhaps he thought his punishment for growing old had come to an end, and now once more he would enjoy the comforts of a good stable and plenty of food.

Mr. Banks had cut down a young cedar, to be used as a Christmas tree for his grandchildren. The bars leading into the road had been let down, and the old man drove through without stopping to put them in their place. So Rocket followed along the road and across the railway track without being detected, for time had dimmed his master's hearing. It was dark when they reached the village store, and Rocket stood patiently behind the wagon, near some other horses, while Mr. Banks made his purchases and chatted with his cronies within. Surely Rocket must have thought the old times returned, as he waited and listened!

The wind grew colder each moment. The young horse before the wagon kicked and stamped, and shook his head with impatience, so that when Mr. Banks returned, with his arms full of packages, he could scarcely restrain the animal long enough to climb to his seat.

Still without observing Rocket he seized the reins. Off started the new horse at a great rate. The Christmas tree bounded about in the back of the wagon as though it would leap out each moment. Rocket trotted along behind. In vain Farmer Banks tugged at the lines; the young animal had the bit between his teeth and was determined to go his own pace. Although Rocket put his best foot foremost they were soon out of sight. Still he kept on the well-remembered road, following the trail of the wagon wheels homeward.

Presently there was a crash and a shout. The crash he did not heed, but the shout came from his old master. Rocket hobbled on as rapidly as his stiff legs would let him. When he came upon a wheel lying by the roadside, he stopped for an instant to sniff at it. Directly across the railway track lay the remainder of the wagon, the Christmas tree and packages. In their midst lay Mr. Banks, motionless and unconscious. The young horse, with the shafts dangling noisily at his heels, was just disappearing around the bend.

Old Rocket paused and looked uneasily at his master, then pushed him gently with his nose. This was the very spot where, in bygone days, he was in the habit of cracking his whip and tightening the reins; so Rocket knew that here his master must not lie.

For more than ten minutes the horse eyed his master wistfully, now and then nibbling at the fur cap covering his head, but to no purpose. Presently a low, humming sound reached his ears. Raising his

head Rocket saw approaching that great one-eyed monster which always brought terror to his breast.

On it came, its red eye gleaming savagely down on him and the man at his feet! Rocket waited for the word to be given to hasten on, but his master's lips were dumb and his eyes closed, and the iron creature drew nearer and nearer.

It was so close now that the glare from its eye fell red on the frozen ground before him. Then suddenly the flying clouds parted and let out a brilliant gleam of moonlight, which disclosed to view the great white form of Rocket, his unclipped mane and tail streaming on the wind like ragged flags.

From the iron horse came a shriek of dismay, which the other answered by a neigh of defiance. There was a noisy rattle of brakes, one or two more screams, then the monster retreated and paused, while several men, carrying lanterns, came hurrying along the rails.

They took little notice of Rocket, but busied themselves with removing the wagon, tree and packages. They shouted to the old man, and rubbed his wrists and temples with ice, until at last he raised his head and spoke. "I couldn't stop the pesky creature after the linch-pin dropped out," he grumbled, staggering to his feet. "Hello!" he exclaimed, as the great, unwinking red eye caught his sight, "that was a close shave. How did you come to stop?"

"It was your white horse that stopped us," replied the engineers. "He was standing over you. His mane looked like a flag of distress in the moonlight."

"White?" repeated Mr. Banks, "I thought he was brown, but my head's confused by the thump I gave it. Well, brown or white," he added, "if you will help me on his back I'll get home somehow. I'll send back for the wagon and things."

"See here, Farmer," said one of the men, earnestly, as he assisted Mr. Banks to mount Rocket, "your horse is nothing but a wrack of bones. Now remember, he's saved your life to-night, and if you don't give him a good feed for once you deserve to be killed next time."

"Old? a wrack of bones?" growled Mr. Banks. "He's just turning four years, and as fat as butter."

"You're dreaming," replied the other. "He don't look as if he would live to take you home."

"I suppose I ought to laugh at your jokes," snapped Mr. Banks, "but I'm too sore. Give me the reins and let me go. I can't see well yet. My head's so dizzy."

"This is queer," said the man. "He's got no kind of a harness on, nothing but a bit of old rope about his neck. I can't make it out."

"Neither can I," growled Mr. Banks; "and as I am not up to trying, I'll just thank you to give me the rope."

So they put the rope into the old man's half benumbed hand, and Rocket, feeling the well-remembered touch, turned his face homeward and moved slowly on with his burden.

It was not a long distance, but it was quite as much as the starving creature could accomplish. As they came in sight of the house a great hub-bub arose, and out of the gate came flocking every man, woman and child belonging to Mr. Banks's family, down to his wee, toddling great grandchild, all crying as they surrounded the old white horse, "Grandpa is safe! He is not hurt after all!"

"And it is old Rocket that was turned out to die brought you home!" exclaimed Luke, the stable-boy, in amazement, as he helped the old man from his uncomfortable seat. "The other horse came back half an hour ago with the broken shafts behind him."

Mr. Banks stood looking from Rocket to all the loving faces about him, still entirely unable to comprehend how this thing had happened. Presently he began rubbing the shivering creature's cold, long nose. Then turning to Luke, he said:

"I rather think I've been a heartless, wicked old master to this poor beast. He served me well in his time, and I rewarded him by turning him out to die in his old age. And see, he has saved my life, somehow! Take him to the warmest corner of the stable, Luke, and from this on, care for him the best you know how, and let him have all he can eat."

"I will," replied Luke, earnestly. And he kept his word.

Jinks—"I don't think it looks well for a minister to wear diamonds."

Filkins—"Why not? aren't there sermons in stones?"—*Kate Field's Washington*.

"I can do you up," said the Chinaman to the shirt, and the garment with unruined bosom responded, "That is flat irony."—*Com. Bulletin*.

(For "Our Dumb Animals.")

A FATHER'S DEVOTION.

In August, 1893, while canoeing on Lake Sebago with Prof. W. A. Robinson of this city, we witnessed a wonderful exhibition of devotion, courage and sagacity by a male loon which we chanced to find with his mate and young in a deep bay indenting the principal island. When about fifty rods from the mouth of the bay, we were startled by his frequent and loud alarm cry, and drawing nearer, we saw at the head of the bay the family, the male being on the side toward the canoe. The mother, with her young one on her back, holding hard by his bill to her short tail feathers, uttered low, plaintive cries, and occasionally would dive, remaining under a considerable time.

Returning to the surface, we noticed the little fellow, generally four or five feet behind his mother, but he would quickly join her, and grasping her tail would give a little spring, while the mother would aid his efforts by a flirt of her tail, and in less than a second he was on her back again.

For about five minutes we watched the birds beating back and forth and showing great anxiety, doubtless fearing that we would block their passage into the lake, the outlet being very narrow, when father loon suddenly dove, and passing under the canoe, emerged some fifteen rods beyond us in the lake, calling our attention from his family by a loud scream. Approaching until he was not more than forty feet from us, he employed several artifices to induce us to pursue him, and thus release his loved ones.

Failing in this, he resorted to intimidation, and rising until he seemed to stand on the water, he ruffled his feathers until he seemed fully twice his natural size, furiously flapping his wings and screaming violently. He approached so near the canoe at one time that it seemed as if he was about to attack us. This effort proving futile, he swam away some ten rods, while we remained quiet and awaited with interest his next move, which was very singular, and perhaps intended to convey the impression of a mortally-wounded bird.

First diving into the water, he arose some five feet distant, then leaping into the air about four feet, and again diving when he reached the water, he described a series of cycloidal curves, having a base of about five feet, and uttering a loud scream each time he left the water.

Turning, he repeated the same manoeuvres in an opposite direction, coming very near the boat. At last he turned on his side and uttered cries which grew fainter and fainter until all motion ceased, and he lay still as if dead. My companion said (I held the paddles), "I am afraid the brave old fellow has really killed himself by his tremendous exertions; paddle over and see." We approached noiselessly until quite near, when, thinking he had really deceived us, he began to slowly move away from us, fluttering with one wing as though the other was broken, and simulating the faint and mournful cry of a dying bird, all the while keeping just out of reach, evidently hoping to induce us to follow him out into the lake.

When we ceased to follow he returned in the same manner until our compassion got the better of our curiosity, and we withdrew so as to leave the mouth of the bay unguarded, but stopping near enough to see the outcome of the matter.

As soon as he saw the coast clear, our gallant bird, so recently in mortal extremity, holding his great green head high in the air, quickly rejoined his mate carrying her precious charge. It was most affecting to see the mutual caresses by rubbing their necks and heads together, and the little one did not fail to receive a goodly share. As for the "loon talk" in which they indulged, the boatmen would have been gratified to know that the birds spoke as well of them as they thought of the birds.

Roxbury, Jan. 22, '94.

LEVERETT M. CHASE.

A learned man one time remarked that "feathers on the outside of any biped but a bird naturally suggest the association of tar!"—and certainly some fantastic or painful thought ought to fly out from the bonnet made gruesome by the fading plumage of a dead bird.

Some time ago we observed in some periodical where a teacher cut open a live frog to illustrate to the scholars the circulation of the blood. The suffering frog was kept alive all day to show the different classes. Such things are the cause of our hard-hearted men and women of to-day.—*Tidings*.



BON JOUR.

Stately, kindly, lordly friend,
Condescend
Here to sit by me, and turn
Glorious eyes that smile and burn,
Golden eyes, love's lustrous meed,
On the golden page I read.

All your wondrous wealth of hair,
Dark and fair,
Silken-shaggy, soft and bright
As the clouds and beams of night,
Lays my reverent hands caress
Back with friendlier gentleness.

Dogs may fawn on all and some
As they come;
You, a friend of loftier mind,
Answer friends alone in kind.
Just your foot upon my hand
Softly bids it understand.

A FAMOUS PAINTING.

In a little church not far from the Cathedral in Milan, is the original painting of the Last Supper, by the famous Italian artist, Leonardo da Vinci. The picture is now badly defaced, having been painted on a wall in oils four hundred years ago. The design of the artist was to represent the twelve apostles just at the moment when Jesus first made the announcement: "One of you shall betray me." The astonishment depicted on their countenances is much more marked in the original, even in its badly-preserved state, than in any of the printed copies.

There is a very pretty little story told about Leonardo when he made his home in Milan.

In his time one corner of the quaint market-place was occupied by dealers selling cages of beautiful birds, caught in the wide forests of Italy, or freshly stolen from the nest. Day after day Leonardo walked down the street to the market-place, and might be found in that corner, buying from the dark-eyed peasant lads their frightened, fluttering prisoners.

These ragged, bare-footed boys used to watch for his coming, and nudge one another as the "painter" came in sight, certain of a ready sale for their birds. No matter how many he bought one day, the next he always wanted more.

"What can he want them for?" they asked; and so do you.

Let us follow him as he makes his way through the thronged market-place, with his arms full of cages, and cages slung on his back. The chattering peasants smile and point after him as he passes out of sight. On he goes until he reaches the pleasant fields and hedge-rows, and then, oh, so tenderly, so gently, with a beautiful, holy joy shining on his face he opens every cage and sets the birds free!

The summer air is filled with happy trilling and bird-music as the birds, wild with delight at their freedom, float upward in the blue air. Leonardo da Vinci stands watching them with pleasure, and an echo of their joy is in his own heart.

We cannot help admiring the great painter in this lowly work of love to God's creatures.



BON SOIR.

Fair and dim they gleamed below;
Now they glow
Deep as even your sunbright eyes,
Fair as even the wakening skies.
Can it not or can it be
Now that you give thanks to see?

May you not rejoice as I,
Seeing the sky
Change to Heaven revealed, and bid
Earth reveal the Heaven it hid
All night long from stars and moon,
Now the sun sets all in tune?

What within you wakes with day
Who can say?
All too little may we tell,
Friends who like each other well,
What might haply, if we might,
Bid us read our lives aright.

A. C. SWINBURNE.

KICKED INTO A LADY'S ARMS.

A chappie stood in front of the Tremont House, yesterday afternoon, smoking a cigarette, and gazing admiringly at the pretty girls that passed. Beside him cowered a small terrier, shivering with the cold.

The dog had evidently lost its master, for it kept watching the crowd with an expectant look, eager to catch sight of the lost one. Two or three times it followed pedestrians, but every time it was sent back with a kick or a gruff "go home." It seemed to get no sympathy from any one. Finally it went up to the chappie, and with a doleful air placed its little paw on his lordship's leg and whined.

Alas, there was no sympathy for it from this source. Chappie did not stoop down and pat the dog gently. Oh, no! He would not stoop so low as to pat a terrier on the street. He savagely gave the poor animal a kick into the middle of the sidewalk, for the terrier had made a mark with its paw on his nicely-cressed trousers.

His brutal act did not escape unnoticed, however, for a fashionably-dressed lady had seen it, and approaching him she said: "You're a contemptible coward to kick an unprotected dog like that. If I saw a policeman I would have you arrested."

She picked up the little terrier in her arms and patted it gently. The animal appreciated the kindness very much.

It wagged its tail and tried to lick the lady's face. She carried it away in her arms.—*Boston Herald*.

If it is true that public school teachers in Massachusetts are in the habit of dissecting and otherwise torturing live animals before their pupils, boys and girls, in the name of science, or in any other name, we may as well revive the ancient gladiatorial shows and so give everybody a share in the "fun" and a part of the common education in cruelty. We have never heard of any such performances in any parish school.—*Sacred Heart Review*.

I am a student of the — High School. The Freshman class dissected a cat two weeks ago, and several young ladies who disliked it very much were forced to examine it.—*Extract from a letter*.

WHAT IS THE OBJECT OF THE BANDS OF MERCY?

I answer: To teach and lead every

child and older person to seize every opportunity to say a kind word or do a kind act that will

make some other human being or some dumb creature happier.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

New Bands of Mercy.

- | | | | | |
|---|--|--|---|---|
| 17566 Watkins Institute.
Excelsior Band.
P., W. R. Garrett. | 17612 Dean, S. D.
Pleasant Valley Band.
P., Geo. H. Campbell. | 17656 Longfellow Band.
P., Miss Davis. | 17710 Willing Workers Band.
P., Alice G. Little. | 17769 Pansy Band.
P., Miss Silvernail. |
| 17567 I'll Try Band.
P., A. Fall. | 17613 Trenton, Neb.
Trenton Band.
P., L. B. Burton. | 17657 Whittier Band.
P., Miss Mustin. | 17711 Robin Band.
P., Rachel A. Lester. | 17761 Daisy Band.
P., J. P. Gettis. |
| 17568 Willing Workers Band.
P., J. S. Buchanan. | 17614 Brooklyn Village, Ohio.
Brooklyn Band.
P., Mary L. Frink. | 17658 Busy Workers Band.
P., Miss Brown. | 17712 Sparrow Band.
P., Anna E. Bell. | 17762 Rosebud Band.
P., Mrs. Gettis. |
| 17569 Neverfail Band.
P., Mrs. Fall. | 17615 LaFayette, Oregon.
Lincoln Band.
P., H. B. Smith. | 17659 Neverfail Band.
P., Miss Cory. | 17713 Canary Band.
P., Lucy E. Edwards. | 17763 Montgomery, Ala.
State Normal School.
Excelsior Band.
P., Wm. B. Paterson. |
| 17570 Helping Hand Band.
P., Miss Wharton. | 17616 Cleveland, Ohio.
Cleveland Band.
P., N. B. Dixon. | 17660 I'll Try Band.
P., Miss Williams. | 17714 Cameron School.
Golden Rule Band.
P., R. S. Lovinggood. | 17764 Geo. Washington Band.
P., Miss Myra Price. |
| 17571 Wide Awake Band.
P., Paul Larosche. | 17617 Lebanon, Ohio.
Liberty Band.
P., Heber M. Dill. | 17661 Helping Hand Band.
P., Miss Sturgis. | 17715 Hope Band.
P., O. T. Frazier. | 17765 Lincoln Band.
P., Miss Joan Stewart. |
| 17572 Wharton School.
Excelsior Band.
P., A. D. Wharton. | 17618 Detroit, Mich.
Detroit Band.
P., Wm. Petz. | 17662 Willing Workers Band.
P., Miss Roberts. | 17716 Sunshine Band.
P., Lillie G. England. | 17766 Douglas Band.
P., Nellie H. Abbott. |
| 17573 Golden Rule Band.
P., C. J. Gier. | 17619 Kingston, Pa.
Edwardsville Band.
P., Cora R. Hutchison. | 17663 Wide Awake Band.
P., Miss Howlett. | 17717 Star Band.
P., Lorena C. Boudre. | 17767 Geo. T. Angell Band.
P., M. N. Royal. |
| 17574 Wide Awake Band.
P., R. L. Cave. | 17620 Nashville, Tenn.
Nashville Band.
P., Ora May Lewis. | 17664 Star Band.
P., Miss Braun. | 17718 East Lake Athenaeum.
Excelsior Band.
P., Dr. S. Palmer. | 17768 Whittier Band.
P., Samuel Phillips. |
| 17575 St. Joseph's School.
Golden Rule Band.
P., Sister Teresa. | 17621 Albany, N. Y.
Pigeon Band.
P., Clarence A. Trask. | 17665 Hope Band.
P., Miss Greene. | 17719 Longfellow Band.
P., Miss Clements. | 17769 Golden Rule Band.
P., Mrs. R. B. Morris. |
| 17576 I'll Try Band.
P., Sister — | 17622 Everett, Mass.
Summer St. School Band.
P., Miss Beers. | 17666 Pansy Band.
P., Miss Pulaski. | 17720 J. G. Whittier Band.
P., Miss Greene. | 17770 Longfellow Band.
P., Thomas N. Harris. |
| 17577 Willing Workers Band.
P., Sister — | 17623 Stoughton, Wis.
L. T. L. Band.
P., Mrs. E. H. Warren. | 17667 Daisy Band.
P., Miss Hudson. | 17721 Star Band.
P., Miss Coleman. | 17771 Sunshine Band.
P., Miss Nettie E. Price. |
| 17578 Neverfail Band.
P., Sister — | 17624 Key West, Fla.
Douglas Band.
P., Mildred Shavers. | 17668 Busy Bee Band.
P., Miss Cannon. | 17722 Hope Band.
P., Miss Palmer. | 17772 Hope Band.
P., Ernest Z. Phillips. |
| 17579 Helping Hand Band.
P., Sister — | 17625 Springfield, Mass.
Advent S. S. Band.
P., Rev. W. H. Wallace. | 17669 Rosebud Band.
P., Mrs. Neeley. | 17723 East Lake Public School.
I'll Try Band.
P., S. J. Strook. | 17773 Sunbeam Band.
P., Miss Mary F. Ferrill. |
| 17580 Wide Awake Band.
P., Sister — | 17626 Sondersburg, Pa.
Tyro Band.
P., Sara E. Stelman. | 17670 Paul Hayne School.
Golden Rule Band.
P., J. B. Cunningham. | 17724 Golden Rule Band.
P., Miss Tarrant. | 17774 Star Band.
P., Susie C. V. Foster. |
| 17581 Hope Band.
P., Sister — | 17627 San Francisco, Cal.
Hope Band.
P., Luna Chalfant. | 17671 Rose Band.
P., Mrs. Dabney. | 17725 Little Helpers Band.
P., Miss Hutton. | 17775 Helping Hand Band.
P., Hattie R. Stratton. |
| 17582 Star Band.
P., Sister — | 17628 Orchard, Ohio.
P. O. E. Rogers. | 17672 Lily Band.
P., Miss Meade. | 17726 Woodlawn School.
Golden Rule Band.
P., H. M. Somerville, Jr. | 17776 Wide Awake Band.
P., P. H. Patterson. |
| 17583 St. Bernard Seminary.
Lily Band.
P., Sister — | 17629 Golden Link Band.
P., Lulu Dowler. | 17673 Violet Band.
P., Miss Lewis. | 17727 Neverfail Band.
P., Miss Archibald. | 17777 Neverfail Band.
P., Rev. J. S. Jackson. |
| 17584 Violet Band.
P., Sister — | 17630 San Francisco, Cal.
Western Star Band.
P., Mrs. Hoagland. | 17674 Forget-me-not Band.
P., Miss Mustin. | 17728 Helping Hand Band.
P., Miss Centerfit. | 17778 I'll Try Band.
P., Henry Talbot. |
| 17585 Pansy Band.
P., Sister — | 17631 Marlboro, Mass.
Marlboro Band.
P., Miss Blanche K. Jones. | 17675 Verbena Band.
P., Miss Stafford. | 17729 Little Helpers Band.
P., Miss Robinson. | 17779 Dorcas Band.
P., Miss Minnie Myers. |
| 17586 Ward's Seminary.
Golden Rule Band.
P., J. D. Blanton. | 17632 Charleroi, Pa.
Silver Star Band.
P., Miss Boggis. | 17676 Mayflower Band.
P., Miss May. | 17730 Columbia, Tenn.
Andrews School.
Golden Rule Band.
P., Jas. G. Meadows. | 17780 Robin Band.
P., Marshall J. Moore. |
| 17587 Rose Band.
P., Miss Jennings. | 17633 Birmingham, Ala.
High School.
Excelsior Band.
P., Dr. J. H. Phillips. | 17677 Tulip Band.
P., Miss Rittenberry. | 17731 I'll Try Band.
P., Miss Armstrong. | 17781 Canary Band.
P., John W. Tate. |
| 17588 Violet Band.
P., Miss Watson. | 17634 Golden Rule Band.
P., Mrs. Ella N. Allen. | 17678 Goldenrod Band.
P., Miss Wylie. | 17732 Willing Workers Band.
P., Mrs. Mitchell. | 17782 Redbird Band.
P., Miss E. C. Wilson. |
| 17589 Lily Band.
P., Miss Moore. | 17635 I'll Try Band.
P., A. C. Moore. | 17679 Magnolia Band.
P., Miss Cahalan. | 17733 Helping Hand Band.
P., Miss Friel. | 17783 Bluebird Band.
P., Susie A. Crumbie. |
| 17590 Magnolia Band.
P., Mrs. Moore. | 17636 Villing Workers Band.
P., W. C. A. Brown. | 17680 Snowball Band.
P., Miss Palmer. | 17734 Wide Awake Band.
P., Miss Floy. | 17784 Montgomery Industrial Sch'l
Magnolia Band.
P., Alice L. White. |
| 17591 Tulip Band.
P., Miss Slaughter. | 17637 Neverfail Band.
P., Miss Willie M. Allen. | 17681 Buttercup Band.
P., Miss Coleman. | 17735 Sunshine Band.
P., Miss Porter. | 17785 Golden Rule Band.
P., H. Margaret Reard. |
| 17592 Mayflower Band.
P., Mlle. H. Visinand. | 17638 Wide Awake Band.
P., Miss Beff A. Allen. | 17682 Daisy Band.
P., Miss Hood. | 17736 Star Band.
P., Miss Carpenter. | 17786 Willing Workers Band.
P., Nellie H. Nutting. |
| 17593 Forget-me-not Band.
P., Miss Hopkins. | 17639 Helping Hand Band.
P., Hortense R. Thornton. | 17683 Pansy Band.
P., Miss Boggis. | 17737 Hope Band.
P., Miss Ella Cox. | 17787 Sunshine Band.
P., Myra Kempf. |
| 17594 Pansy Band.
P., Miss McDonald. | 17640 Star Band.
P., Miss A. Ricklos. | 17684 Hope Band.
P., Miss Smith. | 17738 Columbia Colored School.
Excelsior Band.
P., J. H. Kelley. | 17788 Hope Band.
P., Gertrude Nason. |
| 17595 Daisy Band.
P., Miss Williams. | 17641 Hope Band.
P., Miss Bertha Gelders. | 17685 Star Band.
P., Mrs. Grant. | 17739 Geo. Washington Band.
P., Mrs. Armstrong. | 17789 University School.
I'll Try Band.
P., J. M. Starke. |
| 17596 Rosebud Band.
P., Miss Lindsley. | 17642 Powell School.
Rose Band.
P., Miss M. A. Cahalan. | 17686 Sunbeam Band.
P., Anna M. Walker. | 17740 Lincoln Band.
P., Miss White. | 17790 Neverfail Band.
P., S. C. Starke. |
| 17597 Detroit, Mich.
Detroit Band.
P., George F. Phillips. | 17643 Violet Band.
P., Miss Palmer. | 17687 Sunbeam Band.
P., Alice B. White. | 17741 J. G. Whittier Band.
P., Miss Dew. | 17791 St. Mary of Loretto Academy
Lily Band.
P., Sister Mary Kevin. |
| 17598 Hanging Rock, Ohio.
Myrtle Band.
P., Miss Mary Hossey. | 17644 Tulip Band.
P., Miss Brown. | 17688 Sunshine Band.
P., Miss Browne. | 17742 Helping Hand Band.
P., Miss Collins. | 17792 Violet Band.
P., Sister Mary Thomas. |
| 17599 Everett, Mass.
Everett Band.
P., Nina James. | 17645 Lily Band.
P., Miss Bostick. | 17689 Rosebud Band.
P., Miss Wallis. | 17743 Mary Walker School.
Lily Band.
P., Mary Walker. | 17793 Rose Band.
P., Sister Mary James. |
| 17600 Queen City, Texas.
Loving Kindness Band
P., Harry Mathews. | 17646 Verbena Band.
P., Miss Carpenter. | 17690 Little Helpers Band.
P., Miss Anderson. | 17744 Violet Band.
P., Miss Carrie Walker. | 17794 Tulip Band.
P., Sister Mary Alexine. |
| 17601 Elgin, Ill.
American Band.
P., Paul Rainbow. | 17647 Snowball Band.
P., Miss Green. | 17691 Slater School.
Geo. Washington Band.
P., Frank S. Hazle. | 17745 Pansy Band.
P., Miss Irene Walker. | 17795 St. Aloysius Band.
P., Sister Mary Etta. |
| 17602 Omaha, Neb.
Gibson Band.
P., Lizzie L. Banker. | 17648 Mayflower Band.
P., Miss Foulks. | 17692 Douglas Band.
P., J. A. Merriman. | 17746 Daisy Band.
P., Mary E. Mack. | 17796 Mayflower Band.
P., Sister Mary Cornelia. |
| 17603 Clintondale, Pa.
Scattering Band.
P., Miss Evelyn C. Huston. | 17649 Magnolia Band.
P., Miss Rabitte. | 17693 Golden Rule Band.
P., Mary V. Stevens. | 17747 Decatur, Ala.
Public Schools.
I'll Try Band.
P., C. G. Lynch. | 17797 St. Stanislaus Band.
P., Sister Mary Florentia. |
| 17604 Milton, N. Y.
Jun. Christian Endeavor Band.
P., Miss Helen Clark. | 17650 Snowdrop Band.
P., Miss Bradshaw. | 17694 Helping Hand Band.
P., Josephine E. Gant. | 17748 Neverfail Band.
P., Miss Ledingham. | 17798 Golden Rule Band.
P., Sister Mary Hilegnado. |
| 17605 Gulph, N. Y.
Rosebud Band.
P., Bertha Fish. | 17651 Pansy Band.
P., Miss Bradford. | 17695 Sunbeam Band.
P., Anna M. Walker. | 17749 Willing Workers Band.
P., Miss Nenes. | 17799 Sunshine Band.
P., Sister Mary Presine. |
| 17606 Cleveland, Ohio.
Faithful Band.
P., Gertrude H. Cochrane. | 17652 Daisy Band.
P., Miss Wellman. | 17696 Sunbeam Band.
P., Alice B. White. | 17750 Helping Hand Band.
P., Miss Boker. | 17800 Willing Workers Band.
P., Sister Mary Constance. |
| 17607 Workers Band.
P., G. H. Cochrane. | 17653 Rosebud Band.
P., Miss Holman. | 17697 Redbird Band.
P., A. B. Headen. | 17751 Sunshine Band.
P., Miss Tilman. | 17801 Helping Hand Band.
P., Sister Mary Ida. |
| 17608 Haverhill, Mass.
Merrimac Valley Band.
P., Blanche O. Marsh. | 17654 Sunshine Band.
P., Miss Calvin. | 17698 Mocking-bird Band.
P., Ida M. Brooks. | 17752 Star Band.
P., T. J. Marsh. | 17802 Hope Band.
P., Sister Mary Claudetta. |
| 17609 Julesburg, Colo.
Julesburg Band.
P., Miss Emma R. Pyrtle. | 17655 Henley School.
Golden Rule Band.
P., F. M. Roof. | 17699 Robin Band.
P., Clara G. Perry. | 17753 Hope Band.
P., Mrs. A. B. Marsh. | 17803 Star Band.
P., Sister Mary Joseph. |
| 17610 Divide, Pa.
Pine Grove Band.
P., J. Preston Yorke. | | 17700 Lane School.
Golden Rule Band.
P., G. S. Lewis. | 17754 New Decatur, Ala.
Public Schools.
Golden Rule Band.
P., R. R. Harris. | 17804 High School.
Excelsior Band.
P., Chas. L. Floyd. |
| 17611 Forsyth, Ga.
Emily Allen Band.
P., Tommie Roquemore. | | 17701 Redbird Band.
P., A. B. Headen. | 17755 Rose Band.
P., Miss Peck. | 17805 Golden Rule Band.
P., Miss E. M. Bullock. |
| | | 17702 Mocking-bird Band.
P., Ida M. Brooks. | 17756 Violet Band.
P., Miss Ford. | 17806 Longfellow Band.
P., Mrs. C. L. Fiedbetter. |
| | | 17703 Robin Band.
P., Clara G. Perry. | 17757 Tulip Band.
P., Miss Frazier. | 17807 Goldsmith Band.
P., Miss Bella Caghill. |
| | | 17704 Dove Band.
P., Lucy J. Gantt. | 17758 Lily Band.
P., Miss Rogers. | 17808 Whittier Band.
P., Minnie Anderson. |
| | | 17705 Canary Band.
P., Nancy Ward. | 17759 Mayflower Band.
P., Miss Miller. | 17809 Sayre St. School.
Lily Band.
P., Miss M. E. Boyle. |
| | | 17706 Blue Bird Band.
P., Alice B. Finley. | | 17810 Violet Band.
P., Mrs. L. V. Ledbetter. |
| | | 17707 Thomas School.
Lincoln Band.
P., C. V. Auguste. | | 17811 Rose Band.
P., Mrs. Lucy Phillips. |
| | | 17708 Golden Rule Band.
P., A. H. Taylor. | | 17812 Tulip Band.
P., Miss Sue Colby. |
| | | 17709 Douglas Band.
P., O. D. Kennedy | | |

- 17812 Verbena Band.
P. Miss Susan Elmore.
- 17814 Mayflower Band.
P. Minnie Taylor.
- 17815 Magnolia Band.
P. Adelia Goodwyn.
- 17816 Pansy Band.
P. Mary Burke.
- 17817 Daisy Band.
P. Gussie Ledbetter.
- 17818 Rosebud Band.
P. Claytonia Wilson.
- 17819 Capital Hill School.
P. I'll Try Band.
P. W. B. Bowling.
- 17820 Willing Workers Band.
P. Miss Hereford.
- 17821 Neverfail Band.
P. Miss Schmidt.
- 17822 Helping Hand Band.
P. Mrs. Tarrant.
- 17823 Wide Awake Band.
P. Miss Rushton.
- 17824 Sunbeam Band.
P. Miss Collins.
- 17825 Busy Workers Band.
P. Miss Walker.
- 17826 Little Helpers Band.
P. Miss Centerfit.
- 17827 Hope Band.
P. Miss Weil.
- 17828 Star Band.
P. Mrs. Jones.
- 17829 Herron St. School.
P. Miss Hereford.
- 17830 Violet Band.
P. Miss McIntyre.
- 17831 Mayflower Band.
P. Miss Wilson.
- 17832 Forget-me-not Band.
P. Miss Hancock.
- 17833 Pansy Band.
P. Miss Holmes.
- 17834 Daisy Band.
P. Miss Wyman.
- 17835 Rosebud Band.
P. Miss Lahey.
- 17836 Busy Bee Band.
P. Mrs. Holt.
- 17837 Swayne School.
P. Geo. Washington Band.
- 17838 Lincoln Band.
P. J. D. Bibb.
- 17839 Lincoln Band.
P. Miss Duncan.
- 17840 Douglas Band.
P. Mrs. Morin.
- 17841 Robin Band.
P. Miss Mosely.
- 17842 Canary Band.
P. Miss Jenkins.
- 17843 Bluebird Band.
P. Mrs. Wright.
- 17844 Cemetery Hill School.
P. Lovejoy Band.
- 17845 J. H. Phillips.
P. Whittier Band.
- 17846 Lincoln Band.
P. Miss Marx.
- 17847 Garfield Band.
P. Miss Martin.
- 17848 Redbird Band.
P. Miss Allen.
- 17849 Canary Band.
P. Miss Duncan.
- 17850 Pansy Band.
P. Miss Austin.
- 17851 Columbus, Ga.
P. Excelsior Band.
- 17852 Homer Wright.
P. I'll Try Band.
- 17853 Annie Bennett.
P. Hope Band.
- 17854 Miss A. B. Redd.
P. Tenth St. School.
- 17855 Golden Rule Band.
P. J. E. Witherspoon.
- 17856 Lily Band.
P. Miss Deignan.
- 17857 Tulip Band.
P. Miss McKernie.
- 17858 Mayflower Band.
P. Miss Willford.
- 17859 Rose Band.
P. Miss Mahone.
- 17860 Violet Band.
P. Miss Harrison.
- 17861 Forget-me-not Band.
P. Miss Thornton.
- 17862 Pansy Band.
P. Miss Johnson.
- 17863 Daisy Band.
P. Miss Snyder.
- 17864 Rosebud Band.
P. Miss Russell.
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P. Neverfail Band.
- 17866 R. A. Ryder.
P. Willing Workers Band.
- 17867 Miss Birdsong.
P. I'll Try Band.
- 17868 Miss Holmes.
P. Hope Band.
- 17869 Miss Jones.
P. Helping Hand Band.
- 17870 Miss Saunders.
P. Wide Awake Band.
- 17871 Miss Lott.
P. Star Band.
- 17872 Mrs. Banks.
P. Sunbeam Band.
- 17873 Miss Iverson.
P. Little Helpers Band.
- 17874 Miss Brown.
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- 17875 Miss Seals.
P. Rose Hill School.
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P. W. B. Merritt.
- 17877 Wide Awake Band.
P. Miss Foster.
- 17878 Hope Band.
P. Miss Worrell.
- 17879 Star Band.
P. Miss Thomason.
- 17880 Night School.
P. Willing Workers Band.
- 17881 A. W. Cozart.
P. Helping Hand Band.
- 17882 Miss Bell.
P. Sixth Ave. School.
- 17883 Golden Rule Band.
P. W. H. Spencer.
- 17884 Geo. Washington Band.
P. Miss C. E. Spencer.
- 17885 Douglas Band.
P. Miss Jones.
- 17886 Lincoln Band.
P. Miss Terry.
- 17887 Whittier Band.
P. Miss Robinson.
- 17888 Redbird Band.
P. Miss Askew.
- 17889 Robin Band.
P. Miss Tucker.
- 17890 Bluebird Band.
P. Miss Davis.
- 17891 Canary Band.
P. Miss Terry.
- 17892 Lark Band.
P. Miss Thomas.
- 17893 Dove Band.
P. Miss Stewart.
- 17894 Sparrow Band.
P. Miss Austin.
- 17895 Star Band.
P. Miss Bailey.
- 17896 Clafin School.
P. Lincoln Band.
- 17897 Mrs. I. B. Morgan.
P. Douglas Band.
- 17898 Mrs. Ross.
P. Redbird Band.
- 17899 Miss Morgan.
P. Canary Band.
- 17900 Miss Jones.
P. Twenty-eighth St. School.
- 17901 Hope Band.
P. T. S. Price.
- 17902 Star Band.
P. Miss Canley.
- 17903 Dillsboro, N. C.
P. Dillsboro Band.
- 17904 Mary E. Morrison.
P. Poultney, Vt.
- 17905 Union Band.
P. Julia A. Ostrander.
- 17906 Morristown, N. J.
P. Geo. T. Angell Band.
- 17907 P. Georgia Sparkman.
P. Royston, Mass.
- 17908 Columbian Band.
P. Marie A. Dovic.
- 17909 Maine Prairie, Minn.
P. Maine Prairie Band.
- 17910 Miss May Heywood.
P. Fair Haven, Minn.
- 17911 Fair Haven Band.
P. Jennie Leighton.
- 17912 Humboldt, Iowa.
P. Helping Band.
- 17913 Verna Wilcox.
P. N. Y. City, N. Y.
- 17914 East Side Band.
P. Max Rubenstein.
- 17915 Lawrence Station, L. I., N. Y.
P. Lawrence Band.
- 17916 Lucia L. Ormsby.
P. Brooklyn, N. Y.
- 17917 Junior League Band.
P. Mrs. E. F. Dexter.

CANADA.

Some people want to annex Canada to the United States.

If what we read from an English paper is true, Great Britain would have little objection.

After referring to the various political and other disturbances and rows in Canada the editor says, "The only good thing we ever got from Canada was the Canadian boat-song, and that begins, 'Row, brothers, row.'"

THE EXPRESS TRAIN.

[Two long and two short whistles are the signal for a crossing, and are most familiar sounds to travelers, and all within hearing of railroad trains.]

I.

I hear a faint sound far away—
Two long, and two short notes at play,
As soft and sweet as silver flute:
The locomotive's first salute:
"T-o-o-t, t-o-o-t, toot-toot!"

II.

I hear again the tuneful sound.
Now waking woodland echoes round,
The locomotive seems to say:
"We are coming—coming, clear the way;"
"T-o-o-t, t-o-o-t, toot-toot!"

III.

And now a rumbling noise I hear,
And clouds of smoke and steam appear,
The locomotive seems to shout:
"We are coming fast. Look out! Look out!"
"T-o-o-t, t-o-o-t, toot-toot!"

IV.

And now I hear a brazen bell
That lifts aloud a warning knell,
The engine now begins to yell
Like frantic fiend escaped from hell:
"T-o-o-t, t-o-o-t, toot-toot!"

V.

'Mid hissing steam and deafening roar
I hear that awful sound once more:
"Keep back, keep back! Don't cross the track!
For love of life, stand back, stand back!"
"T-o-o-t, t-o-o-t, toot-toot!"

VI.

With clanging bell and clattering steel
And flaming breath and flashing wheel,
The lightning train goes crashing by,
Like fiery bolt from stormy sky,
"T-o-o-t, t-o-o-t, toot-toot!"

VII.

A whirlwind follows on behind,
With clouds of dust our eyes are blind;
Yet from the curve around the hill
Is heard that engine whistle shrill,
"T-o-o-t, t-o-o-t, toot-toot!"

VIII.

Again, a faint sound far away—
Two long, and two short notes at play—
The locomotive's farewell call:
"We are chasing time. God speed us all!"
"T-o-o-t, t-o-o-t, toot-toot!"

HENRY CROCKER, in *Beacon*.

A LITTLE BEAUTY AND A BIG BEAST.

A girl of fourteen was sent to the butcher's the other day to purchase meat for dinner. The butcher happened to be out, but behind the meat block lay a great tawny St. Bernard dog, dozing and snapping at the occasional fly that disturbed his dreams.

"Oh! you beautiful old doggie, what a darling you are!" exclaimed the girl, and in another moment she was kneeling by him with her hand on his lion head and her yellow curls half buried in his golden-brown coat.

The dog opened his sleepy eyes, licked her other hand and wagged his tail, thereby signifying that, though he had not previously had the pleasure of her acquaintance, he considered her a very nice girl indeed. Looking up, the little maiden saw the butcher standing in the door. His face was white.

"For God's sake, keep still!" he cried. "Come here, Jack!" he added sternly, to the dog, and in a moment he had him.

"I wouldn't have taken that risk for all I possess," he said afterward to the child's father. "He was left to mind the till and he would have torn some folks to pieces. I cannot understand it."

Preachers who weary their congregations with long sermons might take a hint from the following. A clergyman was called away from his parish, and persuaded a brother clergyman to take the services during his absence. The stranger, anxious to know what kind of an impression he made, said to the clerk, "I hope I did not shoot over the heads of the people?" "No, you didn't do that, sir." "Was it a suitable theme?" asked the clergyman. "Yes, it was about right." "Was it too long?" "No, but it was long enough." "I am glad of that, for to tell you the truth, the other day as I was getting this sermon ready my dog destroyed four or five pages, and that has made it much shorter." "Oh, sir," said the clerk, "could you let our vicar have a pup of that same dog?"

THE ENGINEER.

Probably most persons who have traveled at night by rail have had their thoughts turned to him, who, standing with hand upon the throttle-lever of the engine, watches between them and death. Often, when the night has been black and boisterous with angry storms, or cold and desolate in mid-winter, we have lain down in our snug berth listening to the clatter of the swiftly moving train with a sense of security, because we knew there was one standing in the cab watching with vigilant eye against danger. There he is gazing out along the track, conscious that hundreds of lives are entrusted to his care; that these hundreds of sleeping passengers are resting calmly in the conviction that he will not fail in duty.

They are all strangers to him. At the stations while the train waits for passengers to take their meals, none of them think it worth their while to speak to him. They are going—somewhere. They are—who knows even their names? The conductor, the brakemen, and the porters are brought more or less in contact with them, and they learn something of each other; there is a little mutual fellowship, at least. But the engine-driver stands apart. His face is begrimed with soot, his clothes soiled with grease, and his hands hard and unseemly. On the road, after a long night of travel, he is not an object of prepossessing appearance. And yet this man, through all that night, has had the guardianship of hundreds of lives, and faithfully performed his work. Sober, cool, and vigilant, he has brought his charge to the end of the journey in safety. The travelers scatter to their homes or pass on to other scenes, praising the railroad company for the admirable system of their road and the comfortable accommodations afforded, while perhaps none give a thought to the engineer, whose faithfulness guarded them from accident and death.

There are obligations between man and man which cannot be compensated by dollars and cents. Let the pay be just and liberal; but let there be likewise a remembrance that he has risked his life for us, and a prayer for the benediction of God upon him. — *Occident*.

(From *Donahoe's Magazine*.)

In front of the respectable *Tribune* Building, in New York City, there stands—or sits—a statue of the late Dr. Greeley. Over against the doctor as it were, and well into the street, Benjamin Franklin, of revered memory, is mounted in bronze upon a pedestal where he can get a good view of the farmer-journalist, who is also in bronze. Around the statue of Franklin is a car track, and this point encircling Poor Richard is known to the drivers and conductors as "Cape Horn."

Standing, not long ago, at a point near Cape Horn, I observed a sparrow struggling with a piece of bread about as large as himself. He tried to fly away with it, but it was apparently much too heavy. Then he changed his tactics and pushed and pulled until the bread lay directly upon the car track. He was none too soon, for a car rounded the Horn just at that moment, and the sparrow, with a sharp chirp, flew up and rested upon the bald head of the venerable Dr. Franklin. The wheels of the car crushed the hard lump of bread into a thousand crumbs, whereupon the little bird descended and settled down to a feast.

An organ-grinder had been playing before the house of an irascible old gentleman, who furiously and amid wild gesticulations ordered him to move on. The Italian stolidly stood his ground and played on until arrested for causing a disturbance. The magistrate asked him why he did not leave when requested. "Me no understand' mooch Inglesse," was the reply. "Well, but you must have understood by his motions that he wanted you to go," said the magistrate. "I tink he come to dance," was the rejoinder.

Receipts by the M. S. P. C. A. in December.

Fines and witness fees, \$197.78.

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Mrs. C. C. Corbin, \$100; Rev. Arthur Lawrence, \$10; Miss C. W. Hill, \$10; Mrs. C. McCully, \$10; A. G. Toppan, \$3.50; W. A. Read, \$3; Mrs. F. Cairns, \$0.85; Mrs. A. Conklin, \$0.50; Cash, \$0.25; Cash, \$0.35.

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Total, \$359.95.

Estate of Mrs. Mary Blaisdell, \$225.12.

American Humane Education Society for literature and sundries, \$178.74.

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All others in sums of less than fifty cents, \$14.99.

Total, \$361.76.

Publications sold, \$197.78.

Interest, \$12.00.

Total, \$1,458.02.

Receipts by the American Humane Education Society for December.

A friend of anti-vivisection, \$100; Mrs. A. G. K. Champlin, \$100; Mrs. F. W. Vanderblit, \$75; Baby Franklin Couch, \$15; Mrs. Geo. B. Holt, \$10; Mrs. Joshua Stetson, \$10; Mrs. A. E. Moulton, \$8.66; Miss H. N. Carpenter, \$5; Sidney Scott, \$5; G. W. Walton, \$3.30; Interest, \$27.39.

And from sales of American Humane Education Society Publications.

D. D. Mayne, \$10.75; Woman's Branch, Penn. Soc'y P. C. A., \$6.96; F. Trendly, \$5; Robert Allyn, \$5; N. E. News Co., \$65.25; C. P. Nelson, \$8; Mrs. Mary F. Lovell, \$5; C. M. Parker, \$5; Princess Mele Barese, \$83.35; Toronto Humane Society, \$5; R. S. Holt, Jr., \$7.80; C. A. Mitchell, \$5; Miss S. J. Eddy, \$16; Redhead, Norton-Lothrop Co., \$11.44; Town of Clinton, Mass., \$6. All other in sums of less than five dollars, \$139.32.

Cases reported at our Boston Offices in December.

Whole number dealt with, 232; animals taken from work, 18, horses and other animals killed, 43.

Report of Country Agents for Last Quarter.

Whole number dealt with, 586; animals taken from work, 170; killed, 158.

Prices of Humane Publications.

The following publications of the Massachusetts Society P. C. Animals can be obtained at our offices at the following cost prices, free of postage:—

Autobiographical Sketches and Recollections, by Geo. T. Angell, 6 cents each at office, or 10 cents mailed; or cloth bound, 20 cents at office, and 25 cents mailed. Address to Boston Public Schools, by Geo. T. Angell . . . 2 cents each, or \$2.00 per 100
Humane Leaflets, Nos. 1 to 8, by Geo. T. Angell — Eight of either No. or Nos., as wanted, 5 cents; twenty-four for ten cents; one hundred, 25 cents.
Bird Leaflet, by Geo. T. Angell . . . \$0.25 per 100
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